THE EMERALD.

(NEW ESTABLISHMENT.)

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ESSAYS
OF THE LAST CENTURY,
BY PROTEUS ECHO.
No. 17.

Justum, et tenacem propositi virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida———

HOR.

BY far the greater number of my readers, have their minds more turned for history, than for any other amusement: and if I were disposed to make the experiment, I question not but a speculation collected from the composures of *R. B.* would find more admirers, than an extract from *Lock*, or a quotation from *Milton*. It has been my endeavour in the course of these papers, to gratify my perusers of all denominations, and give every one a dish suited to his own palate, so far as I might do it, and keep within the limits of innocence and virtue. However, I know not whether I have so explicitly considered my historical readers, as their numbers seem to demand. I shall therefore at present dedicate a paper to their taste; and while I contribute to their pleasure, shall at the same time pursue their profit and advantage.

The following story will need no apology with persons of serious principles and inclinations; and I fear the censure of none but those who are more vicious than they are polite. For my own part, though the history may be without some pretty decorations of style and language to adorn and set it off; yet, I am so well pleased with the variety of its incidents; the artless simplicity of its relation; and the good old strain of piety that flows through it; that I shall give it in the words of the author from whom I transcribe it; not doubting but it will appear as gracefully among my papers, to every valuable judge, as all the flourish and amour of a modern novel.

"Mr. Studly was a gentleman of Kent. His father was a lawyer of the same place, of about 400*l.* per annum, who built a very fair mansion house upon the estate. He was a great enemy to the power of religion, and an hater of those who were then called Puritans. His son, in his youth, seemed to follow the same steps, till he was stopped and reformed in the following wonderful manner. The young man was at London, and having made himself drunk in some company, as he went in the night towards his lodgings, he fell into a cellar, and in the fall was seized with horror, and thought he had fallen into hell. He took little harm by the fall, but lay there some hours in a drunken drowse, his body being heated with drink, and his soul awakened, he thought he was actually in hell. We may imagine the agonies and bitter re-

flections of one in such despair and amazement; and we may a little feel the joys which possessed his heart when the day shone at the cellar windows, and showed him his deliverance. After he was gotten home into Kent, he fell into a deep melancholy, betook himself to read and study the scriptures, and to much prayer. Which his father perceived, and fearing he would turn Puritan, dealt roughly by him; banished him into the stable, and made the fine young gentleman dress the horses among the grooms, and he humbly and cheerfully submitted to it. When his father observed he sat up late at night, reading his bible, he denied him candle-light, so that he used to lie along, and read by his fire. He afterwards declared, that some of the most delightful moments of his life, were those spent in these sufferings. His father seeing this means ineffectual, resolved to send him into France, that the airiness of that country might wear off the melancholy of his temper. Here, he placed himself in the house of a protestant minister, and improved in knowledge and goodness, till his father sent for him home. He came, and brought his landlord with him, under a disguise of a master for the French tongue. But they had not been long in the house before old Studly surprised them at prayer together, and in a great rage paid for his son's board, and dismissed the landlord. The next expedient which the old man cast in his mind, to reduce his son to his former ways of vanity and ruin, was, to get him a place at Whitehall, hoping the debaucheries of the court would corrupt him. Accordingly he offered him to a lady, to attend her as her gentleman-usher, for which his education had finely accomplished him. After he had been in this post some time, the old man waited upon the lady to enquire after his son's behaviour, not doubting but to hear of the change he wished. But how great was his disappointment and vexation, when the lady replied, 'Sir, I bless God that ever I saw your son's face; there is a wonderful reformation in my whole family since he came into it. Before I was troubled with very unruly servants, but he had not been here a week, before I overheard some of them who were talking rudely, say, *silence, here comes Mr. Studly.* And now sir, there is not the least disorder in all my house. The old gentleman was thunderstruck: he took leave of the lady; and raved and stormed like a madman. *What, will he make Puritans at Whitehall?* and sent for him home immediately. The last refuge he could think of, was to marry him to a certain beautiful young lady, which he had in his eye; and this, he concluded, if any thing, would answer his wicked intentions. Having determined this, he one day, with a smiling air, invited the young gentleman to ride out with him. As they were riding, old Mr. Studly speaks to his son as follows: 'Son, you have been a matter of great grief to me, and I have in vain endeavoured to reclaim you from this rebellious way that you are in. However, to shew how much affection I have for you still, notwithstanding your refractoriness and disobedience, I am now carrying you to a gentleman's house, to whose daughter I intend to marry you. If you comply with my proposal, I will settle my whole estate upon you; but if you refuse you shall never enjoy one groat of it.' The son said little, but went with his father, who had

before made way there, and given directions how they should cheat the young gentleman with a shew of religion in the family, all the time of the courtship. They were nobly entertained, and young Mr. Studly had a sight of his mistress. She was a finished beauty, and he no sooner beheld her, but his affections were all on fire. They took their leave, and in their way home, old Studly asked his son how he liked the young lady. His reply plainly discovered how deeply he was smitten. Surely, sir, said he, no man living but must be charmed with so fair a creature; all my fear is she will not like me. The father was glad it had taken, and in a few days brought on the wedding. At the wedding dinner, the mask of religion was taken off, and the table recovered its usual intemperance and profaneness. The healths went merrily round, and the room echoed with oaths and curses. But who can utter Mr. Studly's confusion, when his bride herself swore an oath. He was dumb with amazement; and could scarce believe his own ears. He rose from the feast, and while none observed, went into the stable, took a horse, mounted and rode away, not knowing where to go, or what to do. He made towards the woods, bewailing himself as he rode along, as utterly undone and miserable. He sometimes thought of riding quite away, but at last, in a solitary place of the woods, he dismounted, and tying his horse to a tree, spent all the afternoon in prayers and weeping for the conversion of his new married wife, without which, he pleaded, he was ruined. Thus he remained till the night came on, and then prepared to return to the bride-house, where his absence had caused no little confusion, horse and man being dispatched every way in quest of him. When he arrived at home, he enquired where his bride was, went up to her, and found her very pensive in her chamber. She asked him, 'If he had done well to expose her to scorn and derision all day.' He entreated her to sit down upon a couch by him, and he would tell her the story of his whole life, and give her the reasons of his conduct for that day. He here went over the story we have related, not without great affection and tears; and as he proceeded in the narration, he frequently repeated the words, *through grace*, *God* did so and so for me. Such was her ignorance in matters of religion (though otherwise a most accomplished lady,) that she asked him what he meant by that phrase, *through grace*; and asked if he thought there were no grace in God for her, who was so wretched a stranger to him. 'Yes, my dear,' replied Mr. Studly, 'there is, and it is for this that I have spent this afternoon praying in the woods, and God has seen my tears, and heard my prayer.' She desired him to go to prayer with her; and kneeling down by the side of the couch, they prayed and wept in such a manner, that when they were called down to supper, their eyes were so swelled they could scarce see. At supper the bride's father, as was usual with him, rapt out an oath, upon which the bride, with great modesty said, 'I beseech you, father, don't swear.' Old Studly, who was at the table, rose up in the utmost fury; his eyes sparkled with resentment and rage; he stamped and foamed like a man in a frenzy; or rather like one possessed. 'What,' said he, 'is the

devil in him! Has he made a Puritan of his wife already? Sooner will I set fire with my own hands to the four corners of my estate, than the impudent, disobedient, young dog shall inherit one farthing of it.' Accordingly, he went home, made his will, gave him ten pounds to cut him off, and gave his whole estate to a remote kinsman. Quickly after he died, and the young gentleman received the ten pounds without repining, and joined it to a small sum of money which belonged to his wife, (whose father also treated her very unhandsomely) and with this little stock purchased a small spot of land, and a poor cottage, where this polite lady was often seen in a red waistcoat, milking her cows. They lived here with much satisfaction and delight, about three years, when one day, as Mr. Studley was walking near his house very pensive, he heard a voice behind him calling *landlord*. He turned about, and see one of the tenants of the estate, replied, 'Alas, sir, you know I am none of your landlord.' "Yes you are," said the other, "I know more of the settlement than you do. Your father, as cunning a lawyer as he was, could not with all his wit alienate the estate from you whom he made joint-purchaser. Myself, and some other tenants know it, and have refused to pay any money to the person to whom your father left it. I have sixteen pounds ready for you in my hands which I will pay to your acquittance, and that will serve you to go to law for the rest." To make short of the matter, Mr Studly did so, and recovered the whole estate, in the enjoyment of which, he and his agreeable lady lived and died."

For the Emerald.

TRAVELS OF ABDULRIZAK, FROM PERSIA TO INDIA.

(Continued.)

"THE inhabitants of Bisnagor are blacks; their city is described as superior to any thing seen elsewhere. It is surrounded with a seven-fold wall, and as many castles. Before the first enclosure, there is an esplanade fifty cubits wide, all of great stones, the height of a man, and sunk half way into the ground, for the purpose of preventing the approach of cavalry to the walls. From the northern gate of the first castle, and of the first enclosure, to the other gate facing the south, is reckoned a distance of two farsangs (nearly eight miles,) and as much from the eastern to the western gate. Within the first, second, and third enclosures, there are cultivated lands and gardens interspersed amongst the houses: but from the third to the seventh inclosure, the whole space is filled with dwelling-houses, shops, and markets. The King's palace is surrounded by four great bazars, or covered market-places. On the north side is the mansion of Saturn, the royal palace. Near each market-place is a covered dungeon, very lofty, with a gallery all round. The highest is the King's dungeon. These market-places are very long, of great width, and have shops on both sides. One particularly remarks the flower-merchants in those places. So fond are the inhabitants of flowers, that they seem as necessary to them as food. The shops of the different merchants are placed one adjoining another, each following his own trade or profession. The jewelers publicly expose to sale pearls, rubies, diamonds, and emeralds. Several streams of water pass through the

royal palace, and flow along in canals lined with stone. On the right of the King's apartment is a vast hall, supported by forty columns, wherein the council is held; in the front is a raised bench, or seat, higher than a man, on which the secretaries take their places. It is called, accordingly, the secretary's office. They have two modes of writing, first, on the leaves of the *Jewz hindy* (Indian nut, or nutmeg). These leaves are two cubits in length, and two fingers broad. On these they write with a steel pen, not using any ink or colours. Writing of this kind does not last very long. The other manner of writing in use amongst them is with a stone, cut like a pen, on leaves previously blackened. In writing with this kind of pen, a white impression is left on a black ground; and this is the most admired kind of writing. In the middle of the hall of forty columns is the seat where the grand-master of the palace administers justice, and from his decisions there is not any appeal. Below him, in front, are placed the *chopdars* (macebearers, or officers carrying wands.) Those who come for justice, advance between the two rows of those officers, kiss the ground, and having risen, explain the nature of their suit. The grand master of the palace pronounces judgment according to the laws and usages of the state, and none dares to murmur at his sentence. The sitting being over, several parasols of different colours are brought to him; the trumpet sounds, and all present compliment and applaud this great man, whilst he goes to wait upon the King. Before one can reach the royal apartment, it is necessary to pass through seven doors, each guarded by a porter; the minister stops awhile at each door, arrives at the seventh, and enters alone. Having conversed with his Sovereign on the affairs of state, he retires to his own apartment, situated behind that of the King.

"The stables for the elephants are near the council room, and the King has many others in different parts of his empire; but the largest elephants are kept in the palace. Those which breed are lodged in the first and second enclosure of the city, between the north and the west: there they bring fourth their young. The King has a white elephant of extraordinary size, which is brought before him every morning, as he considers the sight of this animal to be fortunate, and ominous of good. The elephants are fed twice every day. When one of them dies, the others attack the keeper, and the King himself is very angry. Each has a separate stable, the walls of which are uncommonly strong; they are fastened by chains round the middle of the body and the side, to the great beams in the cieling, and their feet also are tied.

"Elephants are taken in the forests by means of a deep pit dug in the earth, and covered in such a manner as not to be perceptible; this is in the way by which the elephant comes to drink at the river. When one falls into the pit, no person approaches him for two or three days, at the expiration of this time, a single man appears, and gives the elephant several blows with a stick: another man then comes, drives away the former, and seeming to become the friend and defender of the animal, breaks the sticks before him and offers him food; this process is repeated by the two men until the elephant conceives a grateful attachment to the second, who

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gradually approaches, caresses him, and furnishes him with such food as will most gratify and please him; at last the man contrives to pass a chain over him, and leads him to the river, where he suffers him to drink.

"They relate a story of an elephant taken in this manner, who had escaped and returned to the forests; but whenever he went to drink, he carried in his trunk the branch of a tree, with which he sounded the path as he proceeded, to avoid falling into any pit that might have been dug to ensnare him; so that it was found impossible to catch him in the usual way. The king being very desirous of having him re-taken, by any method, one of the most courageous and active of the huntsmen placed himself in a tree near which the elephant passed in going to the river. At the moment of his coming under the tree, the man leaped upon his back, and seized the chain with which he had been fastened, and which he had carried off when he escaped. The elephant made various efforts to preserve his liberty, he turned from one side to the other, he defended himself with his trunk, flung himself on the ground, but the active huntsman skipped from side to side, without relinquishing the chain, and struck the elephant on the head several times with a stick, until he suffered himself to be led before the king, who rewarded the man's services as they deserved.

"We return to the description of Bisnagor. The governor's habitation is situated near the mint. Under the command of this magistrate are twelve thousand men, who form the city-guard; they receive twelve thousand *fenems* every day from the income of taverns and other places of debauchery; it is impossible to describe the place allotted for those buildings, or the beauty of those enchanting creatures who are found in them: we shall only say that they are situated behind the mint, and resemble a *bazar*, or market-place, of above three hundred cubits long, and more than twenty broad. On the right and left are two ranges of apartments, with alcoves and raised seats on the front, formed of handsome stone work. On the walls are painted lions, tigers, leopards, and other animals; so admirably executed that one would imagine them to be alive. After the morning prayer, young courtezans in the bloom of beauty seat themselves before the doors of those apartments, which are kept in a state of considerable neatness. All those females are richly decorated with jewels and pearls of great size; they receive all who come to see them, and even invite those who pass by in the most pleasing and engaging manner. The master of the apartments is responsible for the property of any person, who may be induced to comply with the invitations of those frail beauties.

"There are many similar places devoted to the purposes of debauchery, within each of the seven inclosures; and the revenue derived from them, serves, as before mentioned, to maintain the twelve thousand men who guard the city. When any article is lost, those guards are obliged either to produce the thief, the thing stolen, or to pay its value. Some of Abdulrizack's people had purchased a few slaves, and these took an opportunity of running away. The Derougha, (or chief officer of police) on proper representation of the circumstance, ordered the guards of that quarter, in which the ambassador resided, to seek the

fugitives and restore them to their masters, or to pay the full value of them. Such was the city of Bisnagor, and the greatness and power of its sovereign, when the Persian ambassador arrived there

"The habitation assigned to him was handsome and convenient, and there he soon recovered from the fatigues of his journey. The first day that he passed through this great city was the first also of *Moharrem* (May 1, 1443.) On the evening of the next day, some officers came to conduct him to the royal presence, and he offered to his majesty five valuable horses, two pieces of damask and of satin. The king was seated in state and ceremony, surrounded by a numerous crowd of courtiers, in the hall of forty columns; he was clothed in a robe of olive-coloured satin, embroidered with pearls, and he wore a necklace of pearls and diamonds so brilliant and precious, that the most experienced jeweller could not estimate their value. This sovereign was a young man, well formed, of a slender person and dark colour; the hair had only begun to shew itself on his cheeks. Abdulrizak, having been introduced and presented, saluted him with profound respect, and the king, desiring him to sit down beside him, received the letter which he had brought from Shah Rokh. "We are delighted" said he, "that so powerful a monarch has done us the honour of sending an ambassador."

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTE.

Sellingre, the dutchman, spent thirty years in writing a huge Belgic folio on the *Roman Shoe*, and in all that time he could scarce afford to buy a pair of shoes for himself.

THE MEDLEY.

"Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

SPECIMEN OF BEAU NASH'S MANNER OF TELLING A STORY.

I WILL tell you something to that purpose—that, I fancy, will make you laugh. A covetous old parson, as rich as the devil, scraped a fresh acquaintance with me several years ago at Bath. I knew him when he and I were students at Oxford, where we both studied infernally hard; but that is neither here nor there. Well, very well, I entertained him at my house in John's Court—no, my house at John's Court was not built then—but I entertained him with all that the city could afford; the rooms, the music, and every thing in the world. Upon his leaving Bath, he pressed me very hard to return the visit; and desired me to let him have the pleasure of seeing me at his house in Devonshire. About six months after, I happened to be in that neighbourhood; and was resolved to see my old friend, from whom I expected a very warm reception. Well, I knocks at his door; when an old queer creature of a maid came to the door, and denied him. I suspected, however, that he was at home; and, going into the parlour, what should I see but the parson's legs up the chimney; where he had thrust himself to avoid entertaining me. This was very well. 'My dear,' says I to the maid, 'it is very cold, extreme cold, indeed; and, I am afraid, I have got a touch of my ague: light me the fire, if you please.'—'La, Sir!' says the maid, who was a modest creature, to be sure, 'the chimney smokes mon-

strously; you would not bear the room for three minutes together.' By the greatest good luck there was a bundle of straw on the hearth; and I called for a candle. The candle came. 'Well, good woman,' says I, 'since you will not light me a fire, I will light one for myself:' and in a moment the straw was all in a blaze. This quickly unkennelled the old fox: there he stood in an old rusty night-gown, blessing himself, and looking like—a—hem—egad!

Here I stand, gentlemen, who could once leap forty-two feet upon level ground, at three standing-jumps, backward or forward: one, two, three—dart like an arrow out of a bow—but I am old now. I remember I once leaped for three hundred guineas with Count Clopstock, the great leaper, leaping-master to the Prince of Passau: you must all have heard of him. First he began with the running-jump; and a most damnable bounce it was, that is certain. Every one concluded that he had the match hollow; when, only taking off my hat, stripping off neither coat, shoes, nor stockings—mind me—I fetches a run, and went beyond him one foot, three inches, and three quarters, measured, upon my soul! by Captain Pately's own standard!

THE GOOD MOTHER.

A POEM TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

The tender mother see surrounded
By her children blithe and gay!
Her heart with joy and love unbounded
Leaps, as they about her play.
While one with fondness she caresses,
Her gentle hand his little brother
Softly to her bosom presses,
And her knee supports another.
See him climb:—her arm extended
Gives the feeble urchin aid;
While her out stretch foot suspended
For his sister's seat is made.
In their looks and fond embraces,
In their kisses and their sighs,
Their thousand little wants she traces,
And with care them all supplies.
All at once they 'round her prattle;
She, in silence all the while,
Their half-form'd words and noisy rattle
Answers with a tender smile.
If she attempt to change her manner,
And would severity display,
Her eyes when most expressing anger
Still the Mother's love betray.
So the providence of heaven
Watches o'er the human race;
From love divine to man are given
Treasures of unbounded grace.
The great, the rulers of the ball;
The peasant in his humble cot;
It "kindly bounteous hears them all,"
And cheers the high or lowly lot.
Its constant goodness ever sure
Distributes to all nature joys;
Impartial deals out blessings pure,
And fond paternal care employs.
Oh! then, let man no more accuse
Heaven of rigour or neglect,
If sometimes it a boon refuse
Which most his wishes may affect.
'Tis but to nurse thy languid zeal,
To raise thy failing faith on high,
That disappointment thou must feel,
And long delays thy patience try;
Or, rather, *thus* does love supreme
Its wisdom most conspicuous show;
And to refuse thee tho' it seem,
A favor *even then* bestow.

DEAN SWIFT'S ECLIPSE.

One day Swift observed a gre rabble assembled in a large spac before the deanery door in Kevi street, and upon enquiring th cause of this, was told it was to se the Eclipse. He immediately sen for the beadle, and gave him h lesson of what he should do. A way ran Davy for his bell, and a ter ringing it some time among th crowd, bawled out, O yes, O ye all manner of persons concerne are desired to take notice, that it the Dean of St. Patrick's will an pleasure, that the eclipse be put till this hour to-morrow. So Go save the King, and his reverend the Dean. The mob upon this n

tice immediately dispersed ; only some, more cunning than the rest, swore they would not lose another afternoon, for that the Dean, who was a very comical man, might take it into his head to put off the eclipse again, and so make fools of them the second time.

The following extracts are taken from a manuscript masque, entitled "The Genii," which is to be published in England the coming winter. It is written by the author of "Socrates," a dramatic poem, professedly composed on the model of the Greek tragedy. The verses which follow are poetical, and are supposed to be spoken at morning and evening, on the alternate appearance of the sun and moon.

GOLD-HAIR'D Aurora wakes the day,
And glittering Phaneus takes his way
Over high heaven's transparent arch:
The Horæ following his proud march,
Grac'd with the ensign of his sway,
A sceptre bearing on its top an eye,
To note that through his means we all things do descry.
Hark! the sweet, melodious measures:
Hear ye not Music's thrilling notes,
Brought by Favonius' breath that floats
Balmy,—inducing pastoral pleasure?
See! a true Tempe we enjoy:
And now the rural Nymphs advance;
Haste not away, then, gentle boy,
But join our sacred song and dance.—
Our delights have no alloy,
Pastimes that the soul intrance!
Sports we own which love the light,
No veil'd Cottytia of the night
By us are known. The flower-sprent green,
Press'd by the silver-footed Queen,
Receives new fragrance—grows more bright;
As to Comarchian strains she lightly moves,
While round the Graces play, and ever-blooming Loves.

Cynthia with her silvery light
Chaces away black-visag'd night.
The white bright Hesperus is seen
Conductor of the enchanting Queen.
Now she will dance the wavy main,
Attended by her starry train,
Then, ever changeful, dart with speed,
And gambol o'er the daisied mead.
Anon ascend the craggy steep,
To watch Endymion in his sleep:
Next, graceful, seek the broomy grove,
Tempering the youthful breast to love,
Or by some violet-border'd stream,
Induce the calm poetic dream:
Which mid the haunts of Philomel
Each gentler spirit loves to tell.
While he, fine-frenzied, fancy's child,
Who joys to roam the wood and wild,
More deeply touch'd—the ecstatic song
Pours out the rugged rocks among;
Till echo waken'd by the sound,
Sends through each cave in quick rebound,
The notes, which lesser echoes bear,
Murmuring,—soon lost in distant air!
Now, too, the lone Enthusiast strays,
Chaunting his great Creator's praise;
Or else contemplative he walks,
Or with the unembodied talks
Enraptur'd—till sleep close his eyes,
When visions still sublimer rise!
These are the charms which Heaven bestows,
Soft'ning man's self-created woes:
Boons that full oft to transport move,
Scarce less than we the air-born prove.

Domitian ordered a pettifogging attorney of the name of *Lupus*, who had amassed an immense fortune by sowing the seeds of litigation, and suborning witnesses, to be drowned in the Tyber. One of his clients calling upon a lawyer of fair character to engage him in his cause, the lawyer [illegible]d it over and coolly said—"What! do you think I can swim better than Lupus?"

ANECDOTE OF BUSBEQUIUS,

Who, when he was apparently an ambassador, but really a prisoner at Constantinople, tells us the use he made of the Turkish aversion to every thing of the hog kind, in the following manner. When any body had a mind to send me a secret message, he would enclose it

in a little bag, together with a roasting pig, and sending it by a youth, when my chiaux met him, he would ask, what he had there? The boy being instructed before, would whisper him in the ear, that a friend of mine had sent me a roasting pig for a present. The chiaux* would then punch the bag with his stick, to see whether the boy would tell truth or not, and when he heard the pig grunt, he would run back as far as he could, saying, "Get thee in with thy nasty present." Then spitting on the ground, and say, "'Tis strange to see how these christians dote on this filthy impure beast." They cannot forbear eating of it, though their lives were at stake. Thus was he handsomely choused, and the boy brought me what secret message was sent me.

* A guard set over Busbequius by the Turkish government.

Cards are said to be invented, in the year 1590, to divert the melancholy of Charles VI. of France. The four suits are supposed to represent the four orders of the state. Hearts, cœurs, which should be chœurs, choirmen, the church; the Spaniards represent copes, or chalices, instead of hearts, spades in French, piques or pikes; in Spanish swords, spada, the military order of nobility. Diamonds, carreax, on Spanish cards, dicneros, coins, the monied or mercantile part. Clubs, trefoil in French, in Spanish, basta, a club or country weapon, the husbandman or peasantry.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

A volume of recent Travels, through Spain and Portugal, is announced for immediate publication, and such a work cannot fail to be generally interesting at the present moment.

Dr. Glasse is about to publish another edition of the New Testament, with Burkitt's Observations, to be comprised in a large volume octavo. This edition will contain such parts of the commentary as are most necessary for the explanation of the text, with short useful and practical annotations thereon. By this farther abridgment, the editor hopes to bring this valuable work into more general circulation.

Mr. Parkes has for some time been engaged in revising the Chemical Catechism, in order to accommodate every part of that work to the new facts, lately developed by the highly interesting and truly important discoveries of Mr. Davy.

A supplementary volume is about to appear of Birds to Barr's Edition of Buffon. The proprietors of that work have engaged a literary gentleman to collect all that has been discovered in ornithology of an interesting nature, since the death of the illustrious Buffon; and for that purpose have procured the splendid edition of his works, lately published by Sonnini, in 114 volumes, and selected from it every article of importance.

Mr. Southey is engaged upon a History of Brazil, which will be immediately put to press. It forms a part of the History of Portugal, on which he has been employed during the last eight years. The best native historians of that kingdom have perceived the necessity of arranging their national history under three distinct heads; Portugal, Portuguese Asia, and Brazil. These parts have no farther connection, than that of relating to the same people, each forming in itself a complete whole. According to chronological order, the History of Brazil would have been the last in the series, but as public curiosity is particularly directed towards that country, it has been thought proper to lay it before the world with as little delay as possible. A critical catalogue of all the authorities printed or manuscript, in the possession of the author or to which he has had access, will be annexed to the work.

Mr. Wordsworth will shortly put to press a new poem, under the title of The White Doe, or the Fate of the Nortons.

Mr. T. E. Williams, chymist, of Reading, is printing a Catalogue of British Plants, particularly pointing out their medical and economical uses.

Mr. J. A. Paris, of Caius college, Cambridge, and fellow of the Royal Medical Society, Edinburgh, has in the press a Compendium of Modern Chymistry, in the Latin Language; a small work intended as the *fidus Achates* of the medical as well as chymical philosopher.

The Satires of Boileau, in English, with some account of the life and writings of that poet, will shortly be ready for publication.

Mr. Arthur Young will shortly put to press two Lectures on Agriculture, lately delivered by him at the house of the Board of Agriculture.

The learned Dr Maltby is preparing a new edition of Morell's Thesaurus.

The first volume of a Dictionary of the Teutonic language has lately been published by M. le Camp. It forms more than one thousand pages in quarto, containing 26,735 articles, and yet includes only the first five letters of the alphabet. The author admits all the dialects of the Teutonic tongue, and the technical terms of every art.

Manufactures.—In 1787, 23 millions of pounds of cotton were manufactured in Britain. About six millions were imported from the British colonies, six from the Levant, and 10 from the settlements of other European nations. Half the quantity was employed in white goods, one fourth in fustians, one fourth in hosiery mixtures and candlewicks, giving employment to 6000 spinners, 260,000 other manufacturers. In 1791 the quantity of cotton was increased from 23 millions to 32 millions of pounds. Thread has been spun so fine as to be sold for 4*l.* and lace for 40*l.* the ounce. The value of the wool annually manufactured in England, is about three millions sterling; it employs above a million of persons, who receive for their work about nine millions.

DOMESTIC.

The coal mine which has lately been opened at Bristol Ferry, Rhode Island, contains a stratum of excellent coal, 30 feet deep; and from various trials in New York, Boston, and other parts of the United States, is found to be superior to any coal in common use.

It appears by the report of Mr. Gallatin, secretary of the treasury, on turnpike roads and canals, that the expense of forming a canal from Massachusetts to North Carolina, which shall comprehend two thirds of the extent of the Atlantic coast, of the U. States will be, *Dollars* 3,000,000

And that the cost of a great turnpike from Maine to Georgia, will be 4,800,000

7,800,000

Besides which two other great objects are contemplated, the first *a canal* and *road* forming communications across the mountains between the Atlantic and western rivers, to cost 4,800,000

The other a *canal*, forming inland navigations between the Atlantic sea coast and the great lakes and the St. Lawrence, 4,000,000

Making a total of 16,600,000

Secondary roads and canals he also contemplates to be necessary, to cost 3,400,000

In the whole, 20,000,000

The secretary proposes to appropriate two millions annually to these objects, which sum will wholly effect them, in ten years. And he expects the existing revenues of the United States will answer the requisite supply.

The use of sublimed sulphur, or flowers of brimstone as a vermifuge, is very effectual. The method of applying it to vegetables is extremely simple; nothing more is required than to sprinkle the powder over the leaves of the tree or plant which is affected by insects, and it is found to be an effectual destroyer of them. It is also congenial to trees, particularly peach trees.

New invention—Mr James Richmond, a young man residing in the town of Livingston, Columbia county, has invented a *BOAT*, which will move at the rate of 3 or 4 miles an hour, against both wind and tide, without the assistance of either Steam, Sails or Oars.

To Correspondents.

The continuation of the letter to the *Wanderer* came too late for insertion this week; we are sorry we are obliged to defer it until our next number. We beg leave to state once for all, that no communications can be inserted on the week they are received unless they are sent before Wednesday.

POETRY.

A RECEIPT

FOR A MODERN ROMANCE.

IN the dreary recess of a thick-planted wood,
Imagine a castle for ages has stood;
Suppose, too, a pale bleeding spectre in white,
Stalking round its rude walls in the dead of the night;
Make some hero (in courage a match for the devil)
March forth in determined pursuit of the evil
That keeps the whole place in perpetual affright,
From the closing of day till the dawning of light:
Make some heroine a close-winding passage explore,
Which (most wond'rous) has never been found out before;
While the rain beats in torrents, the winds howl around,
And a deep sullen murmur breaks forth from the ground;
Let her lamp be extinguished, let one feeble ray
Of the moon thro' a chink in the wall find its way,
As it just for an instant escapes from a cloud;
Then let darkness, deep darkness, its visage enshroud.
Having grop'd in this horrible place for a while,
Let her find out a room in this half ruined pile,
Where murders most foul were committed of old;
In due form and order the tale to unfold,
Let a worm-eaten trunk the apartment adorn,
(Containing some manuscripts mouldy and torn),
An old table and chair, thickly cover'd with dust,
A deep batter'd helmet, a cuirass all rust:
Let a dagger, with three drops of blood on the blade,
At a few inches distance be skilfully laid.
On her turning a key, let the spectre appear,
While the heroine displays not a symptom of fear:
At this solemn time, let her lover attain,
By a track which till now he has sough[t] for in vain,
The mysterious abode—be surpris'd wit[h] the maid,
By the Lord of the castle pursu'd and be[-] tray'd.
Let the trumpet be sounded, the dru[m] beat to arms,
And the place be assail'd. In the mid[st] of alarms,
Let the Baron be slain, yet confess ere h[e] fall,
The dire fact brought to light, to th[e] wonder of all:
Let the clock at this critical moment stri[-] one,
Set the pile in a blaze, and the business done.

EPIGRAMS.

As Foote, who had always some sma[rt] thing to say,
Was jesting, and punning, one night, at t[he] play;
An actress, with neither voice, feeli[ng] nor air,
In figure resembling a huge Flanders ma[re]
Appear'd on the stage!—'Pr'ythee wh[o] have we here?'
Cries out the droll wag, to a friend w[ho] sat near,
'Mrs. Reddish, you mean?'—he repli[ed] with a nod,
And a look full of archness—'Horse-R[ad]dish, by God!'

When next you're in print, Ned, for [mo]ney or fame,
Be advised by a friend—let the work w[ant] your name;
For whoever on that should unluckily l[ook]
And remembers your last, will ne'er [buy] the book.

'Nay, pr'ythee, dear Thomas, ne'er [be] thus, and curse;
Remember, you took me for better [or] worse!'—
'I know it,' quoth Thomas; 'but [I] Madam, look you,
You prove, on the trial, much worse [than] I took you.'

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